

POETRY.

THE DEBTOR.

In prison for debt,—with an eager eye,
He looks from his easement small;
And watches the crowds that are passing by,
Till the evening shadows fall.

In prison for debt,—thru' the long, long night,
He lays on his bed of straw;
And wonders why Might, is always Right,
At least in the eye of the law.

And he wakes at the morning's earliest dawn,
And peers through the twilight gray,
To catch the first glimpse of her who will come,
With the morn's first glimmering ray.

With her sickly boy she will come at morn,
And the wretched man will weep;
For thinner is growing his child's slight form,
And paler his wife's pale cheek.

The strong, proud man is wasting away
His life in that prison air;
And not long may the mother's spirit stay,
And her child is dying there.

Days pass—and the father's heart grows weak,
And he watches in vain, in vain!
She comes with tears on her sad, pale cheek;
He saw not his child again!

And his wife grows thinner, her step more slow,
Her eye is unhealthily bright,
Alas, alas for that prisoner's wo,
She is dying before his sight!

She is dying of want, of grief, and despair,
She is passing slowly away!
Breathing out her life in that prison air,
With no hope to bid her stay.

No hope on earth—there is only one,
Who cares for that lone one now:
Her heart is broken, her spirit is gone,
There is death on that sad pale brow!

There is death, stern death in that lonely room,
A spirit hath passed away,
She breathed out her life in that prison gloom,
She will rise to a brighter day!

Her last thoughts were his—her last words
were prayer,
O deal with him gently now:
His heart is all full of grief and despair,
There's revenge on his darkening brow.

'Tis hard to be poor—to strive for bread
As the dying would strive for life;
To toil with an aching heart and head,
'Tis a hard and a bitter strife.

'Tis harder, to breathe in a prison air,
Shut up in a living grave;
And your loved ones dying of want and despair,
With no mortal hand to save!

[Ladies' Repository.]

LIBERTY.

Come! Liberty, come! we are ripe for thy coming!
Come, freshen the hearts where thy rival has trod!
Come, richest and rarest—come purest and fairest!
Come, daughter of Science! come, gift of our God!

Long, long have we sighed for thee, coyest of maidens
Long, long have we worshiped thee, Queen of the brave!
Steadily sought for thee, readily fought for thee,
Purpled the scaffold, and glinted the grave!

Oh! we are pledged in the face of the universe,
Never to flinch, never to swerve;
Toil for it—bleed for it—if there be need for it—
Stretch every sinew, and strain every nerve!

Traitors and cowards our names shall be ever!
For a moment we turn from the chase—
For ages exhibited, scoffed at, and gibbeted,
As emblems of all that was servile and base!

Haters of tyranny! think what is liberty—
Fountain of all that is valued and dear—
Peace and security—knowledge and purity—
Hope for hereafter, and happiness here.

Nourish it—treasure it deep in your inner heart—
Think of it ever by night and by day—
Pray for it—sigh for it—work for it—die for it—
What is this life, and dear freedom away!

If we be faithful and true to our promises,
Nerving our souls for more fortunate hours,
Life's choicest blessings—love's fond caressings—
Peace, home, and happiness—all shall be ours!

A CHURCH.

A band of faithful men
Met for God's worship in an upper room,
Or canopied by midnight's starry dome,
On hill-side or lone glen,
To hear the counsels of his holy word,
Pledged to each other and their common Lord.

These, few as they may be,
Compose a church, such as in pristine age,
Defied the tyrant's zeal, the bigot's rage,
For where but two or three,
Whatever place, in faith's communion meet,
There, with Christ's presence is a Church complete.

A savage once said to a white man who reproached him with wanting the conveniences of society: "Your whole life is spent in laboring for things we have learnt to do without."

The mind is full of life and immortality.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We think the following piece an amusing one, and that it contains a satire upon the physical-force character of the religion of the land, which probably the writer did not intend or perceive. The Rev. B. Stubbleworth is not the only one who has attempted to "maul the grace into unbelieving souls," and to

"Prove his doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;"
It is the practical doctrine of many professing christians. They fine a Jew if he don't keep the christian sabbath, persecute a Seventh-day Baptist because he refuses to conform to their interpretation of the 4th commandment; strive to stop Sunday mails by political power; and endeavor to abolish the practice of holding reformatory meetings on the Sabbath. The Connecticut Blue Laws which it is said, forbade a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, and require the whipping of barrels of beer if they worked on that day, were but carrying out of the same principle. A religion of force we utterly repudiate whether it be called Methodist or Christian. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind, and act out his own, not his neighbors' convictions of duty.

HOW THE MOUNTAIN BLACKSMITH WAS CONVERTED.

This scene is laid in the mountain regions of Georgia. Mr. Forgeron, a blacksmith, had a great antipathy against all Methodist ministers in particular. His shop was in a narrow mountain pass, and he declared his determination to whip every Methodist preacher that passed his shop. The Rev. B. Stubbleworth, however, readily consented to go there, and the following describes his ride through the mountain pass:

Forgeron heard of his new victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance, than the attenuated frame of the late person. O, what a nice heating he would have! He had heard too, that some ministers were rather spirited, and hoped this one might be provoked to fight. Knowing that the clergyman must pass on Saturday, in the afternoon, he gave his striker a holiday, and regarded himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the approach of the preacher. It was not over an hour before he heard the words—

"Oh, how happy are they who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above,"

sung in a full, clear voice; and soon the vocalist, turning the angle of the rock, rode up, with a continued smile on his face.

"How are you, old Stubble!" Got off your horse, and join in my devotion," said the smith.

"I have several miles to ride," answered the preacher, "and I haven't time, my friend, I will call when I return."

"Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are the trifling hypocrite the Methodists have sent here to preach, eh?"

"My name is Stubbleworth," he meekly replied.

"Did't you know my name was Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith, that whips every Methodist preacher that comes along?" was asked with an audacious look; "and how dare you come here!"

The preacher replied that he had heard of Forgeron's name but presumed that he did not molest well-behaved travellers.

"You presume so! Yes, you are the most presumptuous people, you Methodists, that ever trod shoe-leather, any how. Well, what will you do, you beef-headed disciple you!" Mr. Stubbleworth confessed his willingness to do anything reasonable, to avoid such a scene.

"Well there's three things you have to do or I'll maul you into a jelly. The first is, you are to quit preaching; the second is, you must wear this hat will and testament of Thomas Paine next your heart, read it every day, and believe every word you read; and the third is, that you are to curse the Methodists in every crowd you get into;" and the blacksmith "shooked" himself, rolled up his sleeves, and took a quid of tobacco.

The preacher looked on during these novel preparations, without a line of his face moving, and at the end he replied that the terms were unreasonable, and he would not submit to them.

"You've got a whaling to submit to then, I'll tell you into doll rags, corner ways—Get down, you cursed loaf-foot hypocrite!"

The preacher remonstrated, and Forgeron walking up to the horse, threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount; whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of necessity and lit.

"I have one request to make, my friend—that is, that you won't beat me with this overcoat out it was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn."

"Off with it, and that suddenly, you brazen-faced knave you!"

The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his overcoat, as the blacksmith continued his trade of abuse of him and his sect, and throwing the garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a tremendous blow between the eyes, which laid that person on the ground, with the testament of Tom Paine beside him.

Mr. Stubbleworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but bestowed his blows with a courteous hand on the stomach and face of the blacksmith, continuing his song where he had left off on his arrival—

"Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort," &c.,

until Forgeron, from having experienced "first love," or some other sensation equally new to him, responded lustily.

"Enough, enough—take him off!" But unfortunately, there was no one by to perform that kind office, except the preach-

er's old roan, and he manuevered a bunch of grass, and looked on as if his master was happy at camp meeting.

"Now," said Stubbleworth, "there are three things you must promise me, before I let you up."

"What are they?" asked Forgeron, eagerly.

"The first is, that you will never molest a Methodist preacher again."

Here Ned's pride rose, and he hesitated—and the Reverend gentleman with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows and song—

"I then rode on the sky freely justified I,
And the moon it was under my feet."

This oriental language overcame the blacksmith. Such bold figures, or something else caused him to sing out—

"Well, I'll do it, I'll do it."

"You are getting on very well," said Mr. Stubbleworth, "I think I can make a decent man of you yet, and perhaps a christian."

Ned groined.

"The second thing I require of you is to go to Pumpkin Creek meeting-house, and hear me preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer an excuse, when the divine resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music, striking him over the face with the fleshy part of his hand.

"I'll do my best," said he in a humble voice.

"Well, that's a man," said Stubbleworth; "now get up and go down to the spring and wash your face, and tear up Tom Paine's testament, and turn your thoughts on high."

Ned rose with feelings he never experienced before, and went to obey the lavatory injunctions of the preacher, when the latter person mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand and said—

"Now keep your promise, and I'll keep your counsel. Good evening, Mr. Forgeron, I'll look for you to-morrow."

And off he rode with the same imperturbable countenance, singing so loud as to scare the eagles from their eyrie in the overhanging rocks.

"Well, thought Ned, this is a nice business. What would people say if they knew Edward Forgeron was whipped before his own door, and that, too, by a Methodist preacher?"

But his musings were more in sorrow than in anger. His disfigured countenance was of course, the subject of numerous questions that night among his friends to which he replied with a stern look that they well understood, and the vague remark that he had met with an accident.

Of course they never dreamed of the cause. Ned looked in the glass, and compared his black eye from the recent scuffle, to the rainbow of the shipwreck scene; "bleeding every color into one." Or perhaps he never read the story, and muttered to himself, "Ned Forgeron whipped by a Methodist preacher!"

From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossip of the neighborhood observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent, and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident. They wondered greatly at his burning the books he used to read so much. Strange stories were circulated as the metamorphosis of the jovial, dare-devil blacksmith, into a gloomy and taciturn man; some supposed, very sagely, that a "spirit" had enticed him into the mountains, and after giving him a glimpse into the future, had misled him to a crag, where he had fallen and bruised his face. Others gave the price of darkness the credit of the change but none suspected the Methodist preacher, and the latter having no vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned. The gloomy state of mind continued until Forgeron visited a camp meeting. Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth preached a sermon that seemed to enter his soul and relieve him of a burthen; and the song of

"How happy are they who their Saviour obey,"

was only half through, when he felt a new man. Forgeron was from that time a shouting Methodist. At a love-feast a short time subsequent, he gave in his experience, and revealed the mystery of his conversion to his astonished neighbors.

The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, who had faithfully kept the secret until that time, could not contain himself any longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peels of laughter, as the burning tears of joy coursed down his cheeks.

"Yes my brethren," said he, "it is a fact. I did maul the grace into his unbelieving soul there is no doubt."

The blacksmith of the mount in pass, him self, became soon after a Methodist preacher.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle. CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—SABBATH LAWS.

August, Carroll Co. O. Oct 3, 1845.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I send you the form of two petitions, that I have been circulating for some days, hoping that you will give them a place in the Bugle, with the request that persons favorable to reform will send in similar petitions from different parts of the State. I am glad to inform you that so far as I have been, the public sentiment is quite in favor of abolishing Capital Punishment, and quite a number are beginning to see that their reverence for the Sabbath, has only served to enable a hypocritical Priesthood to bind heavy burdens upon them.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of Ohio.

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of Ohio very respectfully ask you to repeal all laws requiring all civil officers, to commit murder by hanging persons up by the neck.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of Ohio.

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of Ohio, very respectfully ask you to repeal the law, enforcing the observance of the Sabbath. This law we consider an infringement of our rights, detrimental to the interests of the producing classes, and last but not least, it is enforcing religion at the point of the bayonet.

Perhaps the repeal of the Sunday law may

be a startling idea with many, but I am convinced that so long as the people are compelled by law, to devote one seventh part of their time, to the service of a hypocritical and corrupt Priesthood, so long will murder, Slavery, and legalized prostitution with all the train of abominations that attend them exist. I will just say that if there is a priest in the land that dares take the position out side the "Coward's Castle" that is daily taken in it, that is, that the Christian Sabbath is a Bible institution, I should like to discuss the matter with him through any paper that is free enough to open its columns to such an examination. Not that I care whether it is, or is not, but because humanity is crying aloud to see both sides of the question.

With much respect, I remain,
Your Brother in the cause of humanity,
JAMES WESTFALL.

From the Circumstances.

A CHAPTER OF JUDGMENTS.

A Warning to Sunday Breakers.—A few Sundays since, a boy was drowned in the Genesee Valley Canal—a solemn warning to all boys and men who disregard the Sabbath.—*Modern Christian.*

Desecration of Holy Monday.—The whole city of Rochester was kept in constant confusion on Monday last by working and amusement. The noise was a great source of annoyance to the true worshippers. Cannot some means be taken to prevent such barefaced infidelity?—*Grecian.*

Judgment upon Tuesday Breakers.—An Engine and Tender were thrown from the track some 30 feet down an embankment on Tuesday the 12th, near Louisville, S. C.—a just judgment upon those who violate our holy Sabbath.—*Persian.*

"Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord?" When will men learn to keep holy our sacred days? The judgments of the Lord are weekly, warning them against violating holy Wednesday. On Wednesday the 13th, five persons were killed at Ripley, Connecticut, by the bursting of a boiler attached to a steam flouring mill. Sinners! take warning against violating holy Wednesday.—*Islyrian.*

Shocking State of Morals.—In the United States a large number of newspapers are actually printed on Thursday, which day we are commanded to keep holy. Poor infidel nation—have they no authorities to put a stop to such proceedings?—*Egyptian.*

More Warnings.—Two men were killed for desecrating holy time, by the blowing up of a powder mill at Lowell, Mass., on Friday last.—*Mahomedan.*

A Warning to Saturday Breakers.—A young lady at Troy, New York, had both her legs crushed by the Cars on Saturday, a few weeks since. She had been on a pleasure party contrary to the commandments, and was thus made an warning to all Sabbath breakers.—*Jew.*

BLOOD! BLOOD!! BLOOD!!!

We claim that this bloody practice should be abolished. We call it a savage, a cruel, a revengeful, a bloody practice. We know of no milder terms by which to christen it. Society seems determined that nothing short of blood, "the pound of flesh" shall satisfy its craving, cannibal appetite. The blood of a poor wretch fallen fallen brother! the blood of a lost son or daughter! the blood of a depraved husband or wife! Ay, and the last drop too of the life's blood must be poured out to satiate a thirst as depraved as the depravity of even the poor criminal himself! Yes! blood! blood!! BLOOD!!! Society seems infatuated, deranged, absolutely mad with its burning thirst for the crimson current! It has a propensity more quenchless and senseless than the relentless Shylock—for he did not claim "the pound of flesh," except in pursuance of the conditions of a forfeited bond!

But Society does not even claim the pretence of a broken contract; but it clings to the cowardly pretext of fear of future violence, and that too, while it has the defenseless victim under chains as strong as that with which Heaven bound the mighty dragon, or with which Xerxes lashed the raging ocean.—A thousand times have we asked, will not penitents answer? Not! Not if put there for life! Not! Not if perpetually confined within iron cellings and grates! Not! Will you not spare life if both arms of the criminals are wrung from their frail sockets? Not! If both legs are torn from their insertions? Not! If the tongue is burnt out by the roots? Not! But will not your feverish rage, your seething wrath be appeased, if all these diabolical, these hellish tortures are indicated upon a depraved brother? Oh! No!!! No!!! No!!! nothing short of the last drop of the heart's blood! must stream from the centre—from the very core, the vital of life! The cords of existence shall be so se— and all body must be drawn into cr. Ah! yes! and the victim, O tell it not in Gath—publish it not in the streets of Askelon, the victim is the hangman's brother! And who are the executioners? They are Christians! Yes, they are CHRISTIANS!!! This gibbeting is a singular way they have of manifesting their love and benevolence! It is a way they have, (singular indeed I admit,) but it is a way they have of feeding their hungry enemies! of paying for their welfare! in short, of doing them good! O! how beautiful are the precepts of the New Testament, and maxims of our Holy Religion, when thus exemplified! Who would not be a Christian!!!

THE WATER CURE.

The mode of this new system of medicine is thus briefly described by a correspondent of the Albany Evening Journal:

The Cold-Water process is calculated, by its severity, to startle patients of weak constitutions or nervous temperaments. It commences daily between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning, by being enclosed first in a linen sheet dipping wet with cold spring water. Then a woollen blanket is put round the body. Then a feather bed is thrown over you. Then the patient falls into a gentle slumber, from which, in fifteen minutes, he is awakened in a profuse perspiration, and smacking like a coulpit. He remains for three quarters

of an hour in this state, drinking two glasses of water in that time; and then goes wrapped up in the sheet and blanket to the bathroom, throws off his wrappers and plunges into a cold bath! After remaining a few minutes in the cold bath, he gets out, wraps up in the blanket, goes to his bed-room, and is rubbed dry, dresses and then walks less or more as he has strength and inclination, returning at 7 o'clock with a fine appetite for breakfast.

At 11 o'clock, the Patient goes to a Fountain for shower bathing. There a stream of water, from a height of fifteen feet, directly from a cold spring, falls upon the neck and runs down the spine for several minutes, after which you are rubbed with the flesh brush or hair mittens, then wiped dry, dress and read or take gentle exercise till Dinner.—During the afternoon, Patients take a "Hip Bath," and on going to bed, a "Foot Bath." Patients drink from twenty to thirty glasses of spring water daily. Some drink a dozen before breakfast. Strict attention is paid to Diet. The breakfast consists of Bread, Butter, Milk, and fruit Dinner of a joint of fresh meat, with Vegetables; Tea, of Bread, Milk, and fruit. Salt Meats, Spices, Wine, Coffee, Tea, &c. are prohibited; Professor Loxc-fellow is among the Patients.

The Patients soon not only cease to dread the cold-water, but go to their ablutions with alacrity and pleasure. Many of them are, and all believe themselves recovering. Of the great virtues of Cold-Water, nobody has any doubt. Nor is there any doubt of the efficacy of a rigid course of dieting. I had not expected to find so simple a remedy for so many of the "ills that flesh is heir to," nor am I satisfied that such a remedy has been found. But we shall soon know what the "Water Cure" will accomplish.

No Efforts to Do Good are Lost.—I have heard of some seeds which will sleep in the earth for ages, and I have read of the young of certain insects which lie in a state like death for eighty years together, and yet when the hand that scattered the seed had been mingled with the dust, and when the insect that had deposited its young had ended its flight for generations, the seed would come forth and form a forest of mighty trees, and the slumbering insect would awake to life, and become the mothers of an endless multitude. And so it may be with us. We are sent into the world of knowledge and piety, and immortality, but we are not there to spring forth. Our instructions seem to be forgotten; the fruits of our liberality seem to have perished; and our labors seem to have been in vain. But be of good courage; the seed is still in the earth uncorrupted, and the time will come when it shall spring forth, and yield a plentiful harvest. It is satched over by the God of heaven, and not a seed shall perish. The hand that scattered the seed may be withered, but the seed itself shall swell and send forth its germ, and become a mighty tree. The voice that uttered the sermon may be silent, but others that received the truth, shall come forth and declare it afresh to the generations that are yet unborn.

A SCOTCHMAN'S ADVICE TO A PUBLIC SPEAKER.—"Never speak till ye have something to say, and sit down as soon as ye ha' doon."

AGENTS FOR THE "BUGLE."

NEW GARDEN—David L. Galbreath.
COLUMBIANA—Lot Holmes.
COOL SPRING—T. Ellwood Vickera.
MARLBORO—Dr. K. G. Thomas.
BERLIN—Jacob H. Barnes.
CANFIELD—John Wetmore.
LOWELLVILLE—Dr. Butler.
POLAND—Christopher Lee.
YOUNGSTOWN—J. S. Johnson.
NEW LYNN—Hannibal Reeve.
AKRON—Thomas P. Beach.
NEW LISBON—George Garrettson.
CINCINNATI—William Donaldson.
SALINEVILLE—James Farmer.
EAST FAIRFIELD—John Marsh.
FALLSTON Pa.—Joseph B. Coale.

Anti-Slavery Publications.

J. ELIZABETH HUTCHESON has just received and has now for sale at her boarding house, Sarah Galbreath's, west end of High st., the

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